

A CLEVER PLAY.

"There, I have the satisfaction of knowing what it is all about, and of appearing dignified and firm at the same time!"

Mr. Stanton chuckled to himself as he held a sealed envelope up to the light critically.

"I told him I should return his letter unopened, and there this one goes, for all the world as if I hadn't an idea of what it contains."

And, with another pleased little gurgle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton placed the letter addressed to "Luke Stanton, esq., Grant Hotel, Great Startmouth," into another envelope and re-addressed it to "Adrian Stanton, esq., Turner Street, Ruskin Road, Kensington." Then he rang the bell and delivered it to the waiter to be put into the London postbag, after which he walked to the bay window and stood looking out upon the calm sea and the long expanse of yellow sand.

Great Startmouth is not a fashionable seaside resort; indeed, it is chiefly frequented by the convalescent dyspeptics, Anglo-Indians with pale complexions and short tempers, and other invalids. Luke Stanton had come there partly on account of his health, partly because he held shares in the new hotel and other schemes for making Great Startmouth a little less fashionable and a little more profitable. But, generally, the financier was generally occupied with his companies and his schemes, at the present moment he was thinking of neither, as he stood gazing blankly out on the beach, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, jingling the loose coins and keys therein.

Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to himself the contents of the letter he had just sent back. Adrian Stanton was his only son, who, by all the laws of heredity and advisability, should have been his right hand. Alas, for the crookedness of this world! Young Stanton had flatly declared to his father some three or four years previously, that he hated the city, that he could not calculate the commonest sum of simple interest, and that he would never understand the intricacies of the stock exchange—that, in short, he detested "business," and meant to devote himself to art. Luke stormed and raved, but had ended by giving in, and, in spite of his affected indifference and contempt, had been not a little pleased when, last year, the hanging committee of Burlington House, elected a small canvas by Adrian Stanton. True, it had been so hung that it was impossible to see it without risking a dislocated neck, but that detail the old man conscientiously ignored. So far, so good; Luke Stanton was almost reconciled to art, and rather giving to talking about "my son's art," when, all at once, the whole fabric toppled about his ears in the most ghastly fashion. Adrian came to him one day with the news that he was engaged to be married. It was unexpected, but not necessarily disastrous, until the fatal truth was disclosed—Luke Stanton, the great city man, heavy all of purse and moral reputation, was expected to welcome his daughter-in-law, a model. There was a scene—all the moods of paternal indignation and filial ingratitude were pulled out to their fullest, and it ended in Adrian walking out of the house.

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She nodded, not desisting from her diagrams.

"That some one has dared to hint that—that you know what I mean—Apparently she did, for she answered in a low voice:

"That is it. I overheard something in the drawing room this morning, and what would they say if you came to London with me?"

There was a moment's pause and with a sudden gulp, Luke Stanton plunged manfully into the deep waters of a declaration. They would say in truth—that he could not bear to lose her, that he loved her, that he wanted nothing better than to hear her say that she would be his wife. Would she say it here—now? He was an old man—triple her age, no doubt—but—but— He stopped, out of breath and red of face, and Miss Alban covered her face with her hands and made no answer—even when—having recovered himself, Mr. Stanton pressed her still further.

"I don't know," she murmured; "I must think. I am so surprised."

Of course she would have time to think—until to-morrow. Would she tell him to-morrow?

An inarticulate sound no doubt meant yes, and then came a more coherent: "You will go, now, won't you?" I want to be alone.

And with many a backward glance, Luke Stanton went. He chuckled to himself again as in his own room his eyes fell on the bowl of water, cold now, by which he had opened Adrian's letter. He would be wisely caught; and it was not a case of cutting off his nose to spite his face, for Kittle Alban was as pretty a girl as anyone could wish, and a perfect little lady.

He took unusual pains over his dressing, crumpled innumerable ties and at last was ready. To his dismay, however, when all the guests had fled into the table, he had to realize that Miss Alban, whose seat it is needless to say, was next to his own, was absent.

On questioning the waiter he found that Miss Alban's dinner had been sent to her room; Luke was disappointed, and a little alarmed; he fidgeted about after the meal in an aimless sort of fashion, and finally sent a message to inquire after the absent guest. The answer came that Miss Alban had a headache.

When a man of sixty-six years himself up to a pitch of taking unto himself a wife, the presence of the dear one elect is necessary to prevent him from reflecting too deeply on all that the step may mean, and the evening seemed very long to Mr. Stanton.

Miss Alban was visible at the usual hour in the breakfast room, and an anxious inquiry, less carefully worded this time, elicited the same reply. Really uneasy now, Mr. Stanton penned a note of condolence. It began: "My dear Miss Alban," and ended, "Yours, always sincerely," The poor man wandered about for half an hour until, when the same thing was repeated, a leaf hastily torn from his note book, on which he hoped that "Dearest Kittle," would not forget her promise and would come down presently and end the suspense of "Hers, always, L. S.," was this time pushed under her door with his own hand, and a few moments later, a small three-cornered note was brought him, with a laconic communication inside of "4.30 on the parade."

It was an hour and a half to that time, and it had to be got through somehow. Luke Stanton was not distinctly impatient. His mind was made up; he would be able to spite Adrian and at the same time secure a delightful companion for himself. But he wanted it settled. Surely no girl in her senses could refuse, and the great charm about Kittle Alban was her extreme sensibility.

He knew the exact spot where he would be sure to meet Kittle, and he was hurrying toward it, when he came against somebody coming in the opposite direction.

"I beg—Why, what the deuce—" "Father!"

Adrian Stanton held out his hand persuasively.

"Come, father, you are going to shake hands? I felt I must come down."

"Did you?" "Yes, in spite of the fact, because I'm going back to town."

"But, dad, listen to me, I—"

"I won't listen, I tell you; besides I have an appointment. I can't stay."

The pink muslin frock was distinctly visible; Luke felt that the situation was intolerable.

"One moment, you must stay. My wife is here—you'll see her—you'll see her."

"I'll see her."

"Directly, won't you, Mr. Stanton?" a soft voice broke in before the unpardonable word was uttered.

"Miss Alban," stammered Luke, "this is my son, I—"

"I know," and, to the old man's horror and amazement, Kittle slipped her arm within Adrian's, "and my husband."

Luke Stanton's face became purple; he opened his mouth to speak, and then all of a sudden stood silent. "My Dearest Kittle, always your own, L. S." The words seemed to buzz round him. And without giving himself time to collect, he began to stammer and to explain; the idea had been hers; the doctor had ordered her sea air and quiet and had suggested Great Startmouth. Immediately afterward Adrian had heard of his father's intended stay there, and she insisted on having her own way. And now, he knew her, wouldn't he have a little more to say? Adrian broke in quickly, he understood. Here Luke broke in quickly. He would see them later on at the hotel. But as he walked off Kittle ran after him and pressed a crumpled paper into his hand. He opened it apprehensively. It was his own note, and behind it was scribbled hastily, "For all I care, No one shall ever know. Whatever you decide, believe that."

A family party of three dined in Mr. Stanton's private room that night, and at dessert, Mrs. Stanton, Jr., received from her father-in-law as a wedding present, a check for £1,000, written, not on a proper form, but on a sheet torn from a notebook.

"Queer old chap! Fancy writing a check on a scrap of paper like that," remarked Adrian afterward; but Mrs. Adrian only laughed. She understood—London World.

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Nobody need have Neuralgia. Get Dr. Miles' Pain Pills from druggists. "One cent a dose."

Oh, How They Hurt. Neuralgic pains are often so acute, that the poor sufferer becomes, almost, frenzied with the intensity of the pain. Salvation Oil will instantly relieve and effectually cure neuralgia, so there is no reason why a moment's pain should be endured. Mr. Jacob Klein, 1030 Main St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "My wife suffered from neuralgia for seven years and since she used Salvation Oil, she has not had a spell. I think it is the best liniment I have ever tried, and I would not be without a bottle of it in the house. I had the rheumatism for five years and had tried a great many liniments, and must say that Salvation Oil did the more good than any other remedy." Salvation Oil is sold everywhere for 25 cents.

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STRUCK IN THE BACK.